

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Hello
Daddy!

Unsolved Crimes

SKULL ON MOOR FIND IN VANISHED MISER MYSTERY

By STUART MARTIN

WILLIAM HUNTLEY was certainly a miser.

He lived in Yarmouth, but had previously lived in a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was not too well liked in either place.

A curious old chap, he was no beauty; one of his front teeth protruded beyond the others. It stuck out in a sort of defiance. He had practically no friends in Yarmouth; but it was well known that he had a heap of wealth, mostly in gold coins. Those were the days when the sovereign was in common use.

If report is to be believed, he lived for one aim only—to gather more gold. He kept gathering gold—and was well hated for his ability to get it. He lived frugally.

One day William Huntley shook the dust of Yarmouth off his shoes and started out for his North Riding village. He went straight to a cottage in the village in which lived John Goldsborough with his two children. He was a widower, this Goldsborough.

The gold chain

Huntley was carrying a rather heavy bag. He wore a heavy gold watch-chain across his waistcoat. The villagers had seen all this, and there was considerable speculation as to the object of Huntley's visit when it was known that he was to stay in the Goldsborough cottage.

There was tittle-tattle in the district at Huntley's reappearance. He had never stayed with Goldsborough before. Usually he had stayed, when he happened at rare intervals to come to the village, at a house on the outskirts. Why had he gone to Goldsborough to take rooms in that particular house?

You know what some villagers are. Under a pretext, one of the gossips, a Mrs. Snaresby, called at the cottage. The door was opened by Goldsborough himself.

The first thing that attracted the attention of the caller was the gold watch-chain which Goldsborough was wearing. It was the chain that Huntley had worn when he arrived a few weeks previously. And he had not been seen since he arrived.

Mrs. Snaresby took the news to those who waited to hear the result of her call. Goldsborough had told her that William Huntley was no longer there, that he had gone to another village.

To make sure that this was the case the villagers determined that other callers would question Goldsborough.

One after another they called, always with a good excuse for calling, and, as sure as they could, the conversation with Goldsborough turned on the name of "Miser Huntley."

Different stories

Nobody had liked Huntley, but all were interested in how Goldsborough came into possession of the gold watch-chain—which he no longer wore. As a result of these uninvited calls a curious fact emerged. Goldsborough did not tell each caller the same story.

To one, he said Huntley had gone to a village farther north. To another, he said that Huntley had gone to the coast, to Scarborough. To a third, he said that Huntley had gone to Liverpool. It seemed obvious that Goldsborough was lying.

His movements were watched by the villagers. It was noted that he now had funds at his disposal that he had never had before.

statement of the Yorkshire police that there was not evidence enough to make a conclusion one way or another.

Goldsborough knew by this time of the suspicions. He saw the search going on. He did not join in the investigation. The police did not question him, except in a generalised way.

It was observed, however, that in his cottage were several articles—an old pair of boots, a walking-stick, and one or two trinkets—that had belonged to Huntley. When asked about these, Goldsborough stuck to his story that Huntley had left them when he went away.

When asked if he could tell Huntley's destination, the reply was that Huntley had spoken of several, but had been definite on none. There



Until Huntley had arrived he had been a poor man, hardly able to scrape his way along. Now he bought things for himself and his children that were out of reason, unless he had suddenly attained to affluence.

But still Huntley could not be traced. He never appeared at any of the places Goldsborough had mentioned as his destination. In a word, William Huntley, "Miser Huntley," had vanished.

The whispers grew louder. The local police started a search. When Huntley was not found, they started to search for a possible hiding place for his body.

It ought to be admitted that in those days—the end of last century—communications were not what they are to-day. Nor were police methods of search and investigation. And in this case the police had nothing whatever to work on. Nothing, that is, unless the whispers and gossip of the locality.

Exit Goldsborough

Indeed, the villagers themselves organised a search of the district, in spite of the frank

was not a fragment of evidence on which a case against Goldsborough could rest. With what could Goldsborough be charged? Every theory was based on suspicion only.

Inquiries were made in Yarmouth, of course, but Huntley had not returned there; and the paradox was most remarkable that the neighbours of Huntley, both in Yarmouth and in Yorkshire, who had detested the man when he was in their midst, were now most concerned about discovering his body, or proof that he was murdered by Goldsborough.

Circumstantial evidence there was, but the ruling of Her Majesty's judges—especially that of Sir James Fitzjames Steven in the Maybrick trial—that circumstantial evidence might be conclusive, was not sufficient to bring Goldsborough to trial.

Months passed and the Yorkshire police finally gave it up. They had exhausted every line of investigation of which they could think. Gradually the gossip died down. Goldsborough left the district to escape the looks and whispers.



TRIO OF GREETINGS FOR STOKER P.O. JAMES HARPER

After ten years

Ten years later a discovery was made that revived the interest. In a hollow of the moors called The Beck two men found a skull.

They fetched the police, and the police took the skull for examination. One of the features of this gruesome relic was that the teeth were preserved, and one of them was a long tooth exactly like that which had been so prominent in Huntley's facial make-up.

This time the police acted. They found Goldsborough in York. He was arrested and charged with the murder of William Huntley.

The trial took place at the Assizes. Goldsborough conducted himself calmly. The prosecution was in the hands of the Crown.

It was a damaging case that was presented against Goldsborough—the disappearance of Huntley after staying at the cottage, the articles found in the place afterwards, the conflicting stories of Goldsborough.

The defence said that Huntley had given the articles to Goldsborough; that he (Huntley) had deliberately been indefinite about his future plans.

How old was the skull?

The skull was brought into court. A doctor gave evidence that it was "probably" Huntley's skull. The tooth indicated that conclusion.

The defence put an anthropologist in the witness-box, an anthropologist from Kensington. He gave it as his opinion that the skull was at least a century old, possibly more.

In face of this the prosecution cracked. Goldsborough went free.

Circumstantial evidence had failed again. The jury would not take the risk of a mistake.

And yet . . . I think, considering all the evidence, that Goldsborough was lucky. If Huntley was alive, why didn't he come forward?

"TELL him to bring me back a back-scratcher!" he'll know what it means," she said with a laugh.

Well, maybe you know all about it, Stoker Petty Officer James Harper, of Bristol. It got us guessing.

Anyway, that's what your wife, Grace, asked us to pass on to you.

She had had three letters from you when we called on her the other day, and she was so happy that she looked a picture—especially in that tartan dress and white shoes.

Larry, the three-year-old, golden-haired boy, was there, too. You bet he was! You wouldn't keep Larry out of anything to do with Daddy. And he talked so much, he had to be given some cherries to keep him quiet.

He's proud he's a sailor's son. "I've got a sailor daddy," he shouts at the little boys round about who all have daddies in the Army. And that seems to make him the head of the gang.

When Larry says "I want Whisky," he doesn't mean he wants a drink. "Whisky" is the terrier pup his Mummy bought him. They have fun together, and "Whisky" is waiting at the foot of the stairs for Larry to come down every morning.

Larry's got other friends, too. Not so pleasant.

"I went to bed the other day, feeling a bit out of sorts," said Mrs. Harper. "When I pulled back the sheets I thought I was seeing black spots. But they were there all right—about a dozen ladybirds Larry had kept in a tin till bedtime and then let run loose in the bed!"

That boy certainly is a handful!

Well, here's a message from the wife, Submariner Harper:

"Hope you are happy, Jimmie. Come back soon and let's go for a walk down Strawberry Lane to 'The Lamb' again."

"It would be grand to be with you on the river to-day, with the sun shining like it is, and have tea together. Happy

days—but they'll return. All my love."

Grace is watching the news-reels, as you said, Submariner Harper, and hoping to see you swinging by the King with the boys at the recent Review.

One thing more—that bit of painting you did on the front of the house looks grand.

They say—do you agree?

LIVING ALONE.

NO man can live by himself alone, nor can any group in the complex social order of to-day safely attempt to support itself at the cost and to the detriment of other groups without injury to the general welfare. This means the acceptance of larger responsibilities and calls for a wider vision and a sympathy and understanding that reaches beyond frontiers. It has been said that the world rightly belongs to those who really care.

J. G. Winant
(American Ambassador).

TRUTH.

TO make the right association of faith in God with our knowledge of the world and of ourselves is the primary task of the Christian thinker. The task is never accomplished, since knowledge of this order is always advancing. . . . A right understanding between Christianity and natural science has become an urgent necessity, since the truth of the former is denied and the integrity of the latter threatened by the crude ideologies of the totalitarian regimes.

H. G. Wood.

TOWNS.

COUNTLESS people prefer town life and thrive on it. Do not let us waste effort in transplanting them

Clyde Higgs
(Stratford-on-Avon).

Periscope Page

WANGLING WORDS—53

1. Put the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after NDAB, and make a word.

2. Mix the words SCREAM and THEEN, and make a North-ern city.

3. Change EAST into WIND, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.

Change in the same way: MOTH into RUST, FIRE into FURY, JUNE into JULY.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word PRESIDENTIAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 52

1. ALLUVIAL.

2. HEIFER, DRAKE, PULLET, GANDER, RABBIT.

3. CAME, CANE, CANT, WANT, WENT.

MAKE, RAKE, RACE, LACE, LANE, LAND, LEND, MEND.

CUP, CAP, RAP, RAG, RUG, JUG.

SEEK, SEED, SEND, REND, RIND, FIND.

4. Cap, Per, Ape, Her, Par, Rep, Car, Pea, Ear, Rap, Ere, Hap, Are, etc.

Peace, Cheer, Perch, Caper, Peach, Cheap, Reach, Creep, Parch, etc.

ODD CORNER

JUST before the war, cricket matches were being played regularly at Alexandria, New South Wales, between two constables, the remaining ten "men" being Alsatian dogs, who fielded for both sides. The dogs rarely missed a catch or failed to stop a ball, and three of them proved excellent wicket-keepers. The field of dogs was set as in ordinary cricket; the only difference was that a hard rubber ball was used.

Nearly sixty years ago the British Museum bought a sarcophagus purporting to be 2,500 years old, and for fifty years it was exhibited in a prominent place as the Ceretri Sarcophagus. In 1935, the experts discovered that it was made by an Italian forger less than 100 years ago. The forger, Enrico, was discovered in Paris, and confessed that he and his brother, after making it, broke it in pieces and buried it to make it look old.

In the 18th century the students of the German geologist, Beringer, made some curious models of imaginary creatures and buried them in the pits where their master was wont to hunt for fossils. Beringer duly found them, and was completely taken in. He wrote an elaborately illustrated book proclaiming his finds, but eventually the story leaked out, and he spent the rest of his life buying up copies of his book wherever he saw them, and destroying them. Beringer's book is now one of the rare curiosities of geological literature, for only a few treasured copies remain.

TYPEE

THE natives were hurrying about hither and thither, engaged in various duties; some luging off to the stream enormous hollow bamboos, for the purpose of filling them with water; others chasing furious-looking hogs through the bushes, in their endeavours to capture them; and numbers employed in kneading great mountains of poe-poee heaped up in huge wooden vessels.

After observing these lively indications for awhile, I was attracted to a neighbouring grove by a prodigious squeaking which I heard there.

On reaching the spot I found it proceeded from a large hog which a number of natives were forcibly holding to the earth, while a muscular fellow, armed with a bludgeon, was ineffectually aiming murderous blows at the skull of the unfortunate porker.

Again and again he missed his writhing and struggling victim, but though puffing and panting with his exertions, he still continued them; and after striking a sufficient number of blows to have demolished an entire drove of oxen, with one crashing stroke he laid him dead at his feet.

fresh earth into slight elevations, looked like so many ant-hills. Scores of the savages were vigorously plying their stone pestles in preparing masses of poe-poee, and numbers were gathering green bread-fruit and young cocoa-nuts in the surrounding groves; while an exceeding great multitude, with a view of encouraging the rest in their labours, stood still, and kept shouting most lustily without intermission.

The following morning, awaking rather late, I perceived the whole of Marhey's family busily engaged in preparing for the festival. The old warrior himself was arranging in round balls the two grey locks of hair that were suffered to grow from the crown of his head; his earrings and spear, both well polished, lay beside him, while the highly decorative pair of shoes hung suspended from a projecting cane against the side of the house.

The young men were similarly employed; and the fair damsels, including Fayaway, were anointing themselves with "aka," arranging their long tresses, and performing other matters connected with the duties of the toilet.

Having completed their preparations, the girls now exhibited themselves in gala costume; the most conspicuous feature of which was a necklace of beautiful white flowers, with the stems removed, and strung closely together upon a single fibre of tappa.

Corresponding ornaments were inserted in their ears and woven garlands upon their heads. About their waist they wore a short tunic of spotless white tappa, and some of them super-added to this a mantle of the same material, tied in an elaborate bow upon the left shoulder, and falling about the figure in picturesque folds.

Thus arrayed, I would have matched the charming Fayaway against any beauty in the world.

It was not long before Kory-Kory and myself were left alone in the house, the rest of its inmates having departed for the Taboo Groves. My valet was all impatience to follow them; and was as fidgety about my dilatory movements as a diner out waiting hat in hand at the bottom of the stairs for some lagging companion.

At last, yielding to his importunities, I set out for the Ti.

As we passed the houses peeping out from the groves through which our route lay, I noticed that they were entirely deserted by their inhabitants.

When we reached the rock that abruptly terminated the path, and concealed from us the festive scene, wild shouts and a confused

blending of voices assured me that the occasion, whatever it might be, had drawn together a great multitude. Kory-Kory, previous to mounting the elevation, paused for a moment, like a dandy at a ball-room door, to put a hasty finish to his toilet. During this short interval, the thought struck me that I ought myself perhaps to be taking some little pains with my appearance. But as I had no holiday raiment, I was not a little puzzled to devise some means of decorating myself.

paying to the costume of his race, and began more sedulously to arrange the folds of the one only garment which remained to me. Whilst he was doing this, I caught sight of a knot of young girls, who were sitting near us on the grass surrounded by heaps of flowers, which they were forming into garlands.

I motioned to them to bring some of their handy-work to me; and in an instant a dozen wreaths were at my disposal. One of them I put round the apology for a hat which I had been forced to construct for myself out of palmetto-leaves, and some of the others I converted into a splendid

QUIZ for today

1. What is a capercailzie?
2. Who wrote (a) "Utopia," (b) "Utopia Ltd.?"
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Cambridge, Oxford, Rugby, Yale, McGill, Harvard?
4. Who won the Derby in 1936?
5. What is the wettest town in the world?
6. What is azyme?
7. What is meant by laconic?
8. What is fenugreek?
9. Who was Sydney Carton?
10. What is a glutton?
11. When did Napoleon assume the title of Emperor of France?
12. What is basil?

Answers to Quiz in No. 90

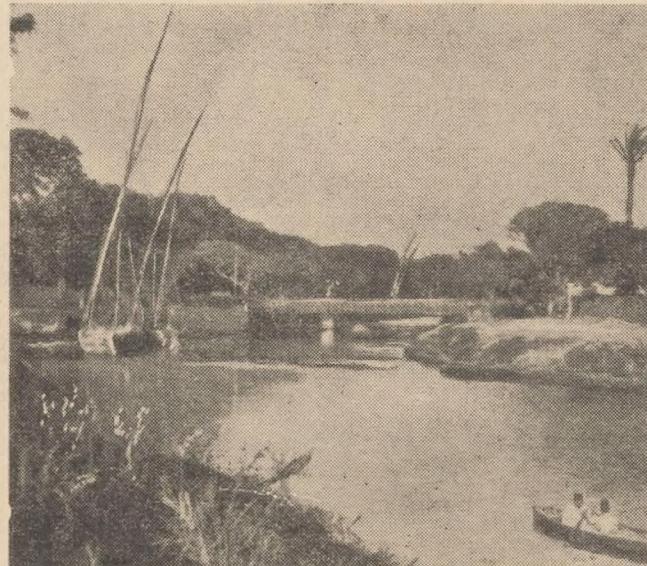
1. The big toe.
2. (a) Charles Reade, (b) Charles Dickens.
3. The Mona Lisa is a painting; the others are operas.
4. King of the Huns, who ravaged Europe in A.D. 451.
5. A district in Nottinghamshire containing the estates of several dukes.
6. Sherry imported into Bristol.
7. Weak-minded, cowardly.
8. An Oriental shrub from which hair-dye is made.
9. Subject of a novel by Thackeray.
10. 624 lb.
11. 1874.
12. Lord Rosebery, with Blue Peter.

Who is it?

This lady had a pet dog, which, owing to lack of food, died. No sooner had she arranged for his obsequies than the dog came to life again, laughing heartily. This hound would have made a fortune on the stage or in a circus, for he could smoke a pipe, stand on his head, sit in a chair, feed the cat, dance a jig, play the flute, read the paper, and do many other amusing tricks. Who was the lady?

(Answer on Page 3)

ROUND THE WORLD with our Roving Cameraman



BY THE WATERS OF THE NILE.

If it wasn't for the boats you might think this scene was somewhere in England. But it isn't. It is on the upper reaches of the Nile, not far from Khartoum, and it was up this stretch that the expedition sped to the relief of Gordon—too late. The bridge and stucco house show what Britain has done for the Nile valley. Before Britain took over the banks were just mud and there was no bridge at all. But then Britain gave a Dam—in fact, the biggest, up till then, in the world. It was the Assouan Dam that changed the Nile's aspect considerably.

However, as I felt desirous to do all that lay in my power; and knowing that I could not delight the savages more than by conforming to their style of dress, I removed from my person the large robe of tappa whi h I was accustomed to wear over my shoulders whenever I sailed into the open air, and remained merely girt about with a short tunic descending from my waist to my knees.

My quick-witted attendant fully appreciated the compliment I was

girdle. These operations finished, with a slow and dignified step of a full-dressed beau I ascended the rock.

The whole population of the valley seemed to be gathered within the precincts of the grove. In the distance could be seen the long front of the Ti, its immense piazza swarming with men, arrayed in every variety of fantastic costume, and all vociferating with animated gestures; while the whole interval between it and the place where I stood was enlivened

by groups of females fancifully decorated, dancing, capering, and uttering wild exclamations.

As soon as they descried me they set up a shout of welcome; and a band of them came dancing towards me, chanting as they approached some wild recitative.

The change in my garb seemed to transport them with delight, and clustering about me on all sides, they accompanied me towards the Ti. When, however, we drew near it, these joyous nymphs paused in their career, and parting on either side, permitted me to pass on to the now densely thronged building.

So soon as I mounted to the pia-pi I saw at a glance that the revels were fairly under way.

What lavish plenty reigned

(Continued on Page 3)



MIXED DOUBLES

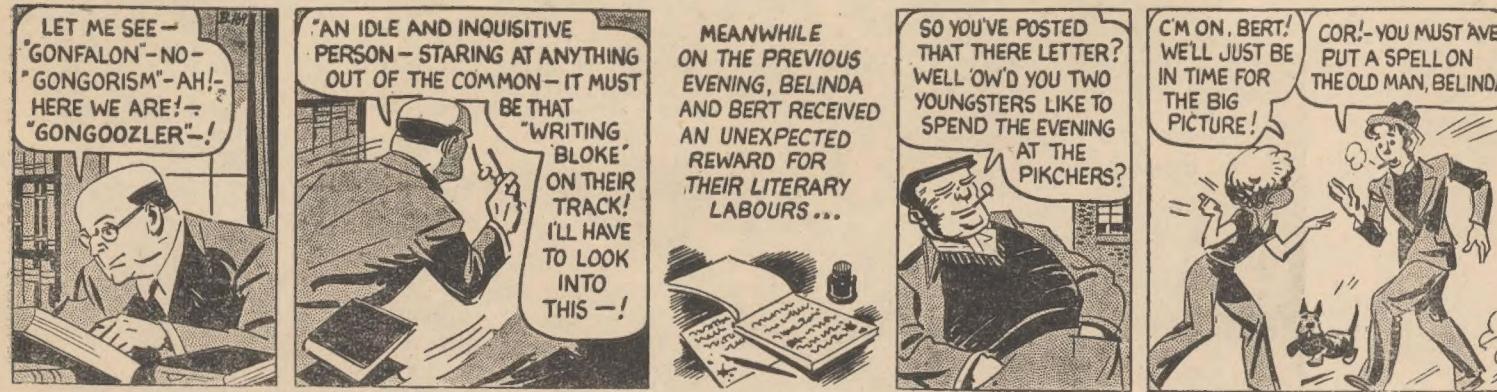
The following MIXED DOUBLES are composed of an inland British town and the river on which it stands, "RIPON and URE," for example.

(a) AND THEY GET SEA.
(b) CHARY ON WIRE.
(Answers on Page 3)

Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

around! All along the piazza of the Ti were arranged elaborately-carved canoe-shaped vessels, some twenty feet in length, filled with newly-made poee-poee, and sheltered from the sun by the broad leaves of the banana.

At intervals were heaps of green bread-fruit, raised in pyramidal stacks, resembling the regular piles of heavy shot to be seen in the yard of an arsenal. Inserted into the interstices of the huge stones which formed the pi-pi were large boughs of trees; hanging from the branches of which, and screened from the sun by their foliage, were innumerable little packages with leafy coverings, containing the meat of the numerous hogs which had been slain, done up in this manner to make it more accessible to the crowd.

Leaning against the railing of the piazza were an immense number of long, heavy bamboos, plugged at the lower end, and with their projecting muzzles stuffed with a wad of leaves. These were filled with water from the stream,

and each of them might hold from four to five gallons.

The banquet being thus spread, nought remained but for every one to help himself at his pleasure. Accordingly, not a moment passed but the transplanted boughs I have mentioned were rifled by the throng of the fruit they certainly had never borne before. Calabashes of poee-poee were continually being replenished from the extensive receptacle in which that article was stored, and multitudes of little fires were kindled about

the Ti for the purpose of roasting the bread-fruit.

Within the building itself was presented a most extraordinary scene. The immense lounge of mats lying between the parallel rows of the trunks of cocoa-nut trees, and extending the entire length of the house, at least two hundred feet, was covered by the reclining forms of a host of chiefs and warriors, who were eating at a great rate, or soothing the cares of Polynesian life in the sedative fumes of tobacco.

The smoke was inhaled from large pipes, the bowls of which, made out of small cocoa-nut shells, were curiously carved in strange heathenish devices.

These were passed from mouth to mouth by the recumbent smokers, each of whom, taking two or three prodigious whiffs, handed the pipe to his neighbour; sometimes for that purpose stretching indolently across the body of some dozing individual whose exertions at the dinner-table had already induced sleep.

The tobacco used among the Typees was of a very mild and pleasing flavour, and as I always saw it in leaves, and the natives appeared pretty well supplied with it, I was led to believe that it must have been the growth of the valley. Indeed Kory-Kory gave me to understand that this was the case; but I never saw a single plant growing on the island.

Continued to-morrow.

This Scotland and These Scots

FROM scenes like these old Scotia's
grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered
abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of
kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of
God."

—Robert Burns.



Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) GATESHEAD & TYNE.
(b) NORWICH & YARE.

Answer to Who Is It?
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Wizards of Hollywood

By FRANCIS CORBETT

THE new technique of the camouflage artists of Hollywood is so amazing that the U.S.A. Army authorities are taking hints from them.

The first notice of their surprising skill came last summer-end, when an Army officer, living in a district some miles from the film city, sat watching something he could not believe possible. The trees had turned brown, the leaves were curled with the continuous heat; yet he saw dozens of men spraying the trees—and the trees and grass turned green again!

The men who were spraying the trees and grass were technicians of a film studio. They were making the countryside appear green so that a Technicolor "shoot" was possible the next day.

It was not ordinary paint they used. It was a mixture that was both paint and plant food. When the leaves received this preparation from a spray they took on new life, became glossy and soft. Leaves that were ready to fall, crinkled and in pieces, took new life, ate up the mixture, and lived again.

The Army officer reported the matter, and camouflage Army experts were sent to find out more about it. They found out a great deal.

For instance, Hollywood "snow" is now real snow. An ice merchant in Pasadena once criticised the "snow" of a film. The experts devised a big machine that smashed ice blocks into fragments in a matter of seconds, and the particles are shot through a fire hose.

A FAKE ARCTIC.

But that was not good enough. So they got an aeroplane propeller at work, operated by a big engine, and the powdered snow became a real snowstorm. They covered a mile of country in this way, and then shot a film dealing with the Arctic Circle.

Now they can, and do, make ice that is heat-resisting! Professional skaters complained about the artificial ice being soon covered with slush. The film people engaged a chemist to work out how to stop this. Now an ultra-cold ice is formed, and above the ice a sub-zero blast of air is laid like a blanket over the rinks.

Until recently, studio thunder and lightning was made by electrically charged sticks of carbon. One day an explosion took place in a Californian flour mill. The inquiry showed that the particles of flour in the air caused the explosion.

Off went the studio electrical men. Now they have a movie-machine that produces lightning flashes in mid-air, and deafening claps of thunder. They blow aluminium dust into the air and a control ignites it as it floats around.

It was Hollywood men who gave the American Army new methods of spotting aeroplanes. Some sound waves travel in straight lines. Others travel in curves. To have these all controlled the studios invented a honeycombed loud-speaker. Now the Army is working out plans to develop this idea on a larger scale.

One Army camouflage investigator asked how the studios made their fog. In the old days fogs were just smoke, and this gave pain to the actors. The Army man wanted to know if he could hide by any means a company of men, or a battalion.

One of the studio men said, "Yes, if you try mineral oil. And it doesn't hurt anybody."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

1	2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9
10					11				
12					13				
14									15
16									
17					18		19		
20		21			22			23	
24	25				26		27	28	
29	30				31				
32	33		34				35		
36					37				
38					39				

CLUES DOWN.

1 Stores. 2 Sheep dog. 3 Rootlet. 4 Former. 5 Portion of music. 6 Gone by car. 7 Day before. 8 Small outlet. 9 Literary effort. 11 Electrical unit. 13 Go in curves. 18 Refreshment place. 19 Make sound like blown leaves. 21 Predicament. 23 Sort of story. 24 Confronted. 26 Tennis services. 28 Very small. 30 Storage pit. 33 Plaything. 34 Lair. 37 Scholar's degree.

TRAMPS HALF
HOWL LIBERAL
REASON WADE
I KITES BYE
FLEX WELL R
TONED REEFS
G SAPID R
VIM DANGLES
OCELOT EAST
WARY THRICE
SLEEPY SCOW

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to : "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

DEBUT

Hm ! The cheek of it, holding everybody up on the bathing parade. Who the heck does he think he is ? Why, if I sneezed, I'd sink him, the featherless perisher.



RISE & SHINE

Irene Dunne may only just have heard reveille, but she certainly hasn't been caught napping. The sands of the desert could never grow cold, with girls like Irene around, or do you think so ?



This England

Seems to be a spot of "rounding up" in this delightful picture from the Welsh hills. Quite a sturdy pony in the background—looks all set to help the sheep make up their minds HIS way.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'd make a hell of a sheepdog!"

